Bloodletting

Bukshot

Archaic methods transfer through well in the face of mass denial
Bitterness fuels the mode for the escape of mediocrity
Stepping the grate, shattered nerves ground down
To a glass edge, carrying me awayBloodletting a favorite, game of solitaire
A suicide mission destined to fail
A moving ladder to climb, taking me away
I wouldn't have it any other way

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